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LINE'S WORTH REMEMBERING.
I think the first wisdom is to restrain the tongue.—CATO.

THE G. O. P. AND THE FARMER.

OKLAHOMA is essentially an agricultural state. Two-thirds of its whole number of people draw their sustenance from this basic industry. Until the oil industry sprang up among us a few years ago an even greater proportion was engaged in finding their livelihood either on the farm or in vocations directly related thereto. We are observing all of the virtues, therefore, when we say that the farmer is our most numerous citizen.

And Oklahoma is not the only member of the sisterhood of states which is thus situated. There is, for instance, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Washington, Oregon, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, etc., and so on—all directly dependent upon the farmer for their material progress and welfare. Agriculture, indeed, is an important industry in every state with possibly two or three exceptions.

In the light of the magnitude of this industry, the country over, it seems that both of the great political parties should be putting their best foot forward to capture this vote in the pending campaign. Their platforms should embody at least some pledge of legislation designed for its betterment. All other industries receive recognition of this character.

But one will search the republican national platform—the one on which Charles Evans Hughes is making his campaign—in vain for a single reference to agriculture or the American farmer. No pledge of legislation for its improvement, no promise of any nature, no thought whatever of the millions engaged in America's greatest industry! The politicians who formulated it were thinking of no one but the protection-seeking manufacturers who put up the money with which to conduct their campaigns. The American farmer, as well as the great basic industry which he carries on, were utterly ignored.

If it be argued that the American farmer is held in constant view in the system of protection for which the G. O. P. stands, we should like to ask, how can he be benefited by a system which compels him to sell everything he produces in an unprotected market and at the same time forces him to buy everything he needs in a protected market? How does the farmer profit from being ground between the upper and nether millstones?

The farmer, as a rule, wants little, asks little. He may feel the need of rural credits legislation, good roads, grain standards, measures to prevent gambling in cotton futures, etc., but in that event he will turn to the democratic platform for a peg on which to hang hope. If, therefore, he is not splitting his gullet yelling for Candidate Hughes and manifests no enthusiasm in the pending campaign, it is because that he and his party, so far as the farmer is concerned, stand for all that is represented by a big round cipher.

A woman at Evansville, Ind., started out to wipe the paint from all the girls she met. After running out of cloth, she gave up the job.

BE AN OPTIMIST.

WHEN a man feels that the clouds hang low around him, he should pause in his reflections and think how much better off he is than so many others. Some of his neighbors may be more prosperous than he is, but likely most of them are not so prosperous.

And if this doesn't make an optimist out of the afore-said citizen, let him go down into the business district and observe the cheerfulness of that man who lays with paralyzed limbs on a cot and sells papers, declaring that "business is fine and he feels good" when asked about his business and personal affairs.

If, after this, he doesn't join the ranks of the joys, he should move away from Oklahoma where the optimist thrives in the golden autumn sunshine.

Would it not be a calamity for Germany if Belgium should go broke?

SOLVING THE FOOD PROBLEM.

ON THE same day that announcement was made from Chicago, great food center of the nation, that the price of staple food products had advanced about 50 percent in the last year, another announcement made, that of the result of the mayor's garden contest in Oklahoma City, has a mighty bearing on the increased values of the things we eat.

The rich man has no great problem to solve when groceries and meats cost more money. But wage earners do. The man who earns \$15 a week is confronted by vexations when the baker and the butcher and the grocer are compelled to charge higher prices to stock the family larder.

Last spring Mayor Overholser offered an automobile as a prize to the boy or girl who should make the best showing from a vegetable garden on a city lot. The award was made Monday to a boy who raised and sold products from his city lot for the sum of \$102.82. This is at the rate in excess of \$1,200 an acre.

If there should be a general movement of the kind initiated by this Oklahoma City boy, the 50 percent advance in food products announced from Chicago would be knocked out, wage earners would be able to live better than they do now, and have money left with which to start a savings account.

Of course, it is quite impossible for the man who lives in an upstairs apartment of a tenement house in a big city to have a vegetable garden, but it is possible for every man who has a back yard to raise his own garden stuff. This would increase the supply to such an extent that prices would decline in the big markets and the city dweller would get the benefit.

In offering this handsome prize for constructive work, Mayor Overholser was not merely doing something to please the little folk. He has been viewing the matter from a broader standpoint. Witnessing the increased cost of living, this city's executive proceeded to give a demonstration of the way to solve the food problem. He has been successful. If a boy can make this marvelous record, every head of a family who has a back yard can save money for his dinner table and be a factor in saving money to the man who has no back yard and who now is puzzled to make his purse fit the prices asked by dealers in provisions.

The wires tell us that Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt each asked how the other felt. But there is no record of these two resorting to the old familiar names of "Theodore" and "Will" which were much in evidence a few years ago.

OUR OUTDOOR PICTURE GALLERY.

OKLAHOMA CITY is rapidly acquiring a reputation far beyond the confines of the state as a spot where civic beauty has been developed to a point approaching the maximum. The efforts of citizens to improve lawns, establish flower beds, cultivate trees and keep the streets clean have brought about a condition which is gratifying to homefolk and a delight to visitors.

But there is a weak spot remaining in our general scheme of beautification. And we had to leave town to be reminded of it.

Rolling across the country in the smoking compartment of a trans-continental buffet car, the talk turned on Oklahoma. The man from Oklahoma City, enthusiastic about the city he calls home, told of the accomplishments of the past twenty-seven years. With dramatic effect he challenged any community in the land to show similar achievements.

"Yes, you have a good city," said the man from New England. "But in your haste to place your city in the class made famous for trees, boulevards and flowers you have neglected to take steps which have been of value to the older cities of the east. Out in your city, during every political campaign you permit the several score of candidates to mutilate your public places by hanging and pasting huge placards.

"The last time that I was in your city it occurred to me that if you would prevent the decorating of telephone poles, the sides of buildings and other vacant wall space with the pictures of candidates, you would put the finishing touches on your plans for making the capital of Oklahoma one of the attractive cities of the west."

Here, then, is an echo from the outside world which should make an impression upon us. From day to day we have ridden past the glaring posters without a full realization of the blemishes we are allowing to exist.

If the city commissioners will promptly proceed to stop this practice of placarding the city during the campaign, they may find objection from one percent of the population. But they will receive the hearty indorsement of the ninety and nine.

The Greeks have uttered a vigorous complaint that the Germans kidnapped a Grecian army corps. Possibly the Kaiser was badly in need of persons to operate the fruit stands of his empire.

The strike of the Tampa cigar makers is serious. If street car men walk out, and cars fail to operate, we can walk, but there is great concern at the shortage of fine cigars.

LUKE M. LUKB --His Column-- Copyright 1916

Haw! Haw!
"This is a cold and frosty world."
Complained young Mr. Himm;
And then he went and got a wife
To make it hot for him.

The Wise Fool.
"Man is made of clay," observed the Sage.
"Maybe that's why he is so easily broke," commented the Fool.

Point.
With words sleek don't disappoint,
And you will never rue it;
Some people seem to make a point
Of never coming to it.

Hub!
"And what book has aided you most
in your career," we asked the Self-Made Man.
"The pocketbook," replied the Self-Made Man.

Foey!
The bull's eye waits for you to hit,
Of spunk it has no speck;
And yet you're sure to find that it
Is not an easy mark.

Ouch!
The fat man who occupied the end
seat in the summer car had let four
passengers fall over his feet, but still
refused to shove over. He bought a
newspaper and glanced over it.

"Huh," he remarked to the thin man
seated beside him. "It says here that
a petrified hog has been discovered in
Kansas."

"Very probable," replied the thin
man. "Maybe the hog was petrified
when he saw an end seat hog on a
street car shove over and let other
passengers get on in comfort."

Strange.
"The world contains queer folks, I know,"
remarked the wise old Mr. Himm;
"For while one man will burn his
dough,
Another freezes on to it."

Isn't This Pleasant Weather?
M. McDermott, brakeman on the
Carro division, has been for the past
three months in Fairie, Texas, for his
wife's health.—Harrisburg (Ill.) Chronicle.

Notice!
Toothaker, Bros., of Somerville,
Mass., and D. E. Toothaker of Ken-
nebunkport, Maine, are requested to
report at the club's dental clinic for
treatment.

Oh!
Some men are glib and get mad
if you even hint that this is true,
while other men do not seem to care
a hang and keep on getting stung. But
what we started to say was that A.
Sucker is a banker at Lewisville, Minn.

Quick, Doc, the Pump!
Marietta Campbell lives at Rich-
mond, Kan.

Old Time Rhymes.
Here are two more of the old rhymes
that were popular when you were a
boy. Ask your mother for fifty cents.
To see the elephant jump the fence,
He jumped so high
That he touched the sky.
And never came down till the Fourth
of July.—C. A. M.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
His feet were full of blisters,
Eating peanuts by the peck,
And the wind came through his
whiskers.—Tom Nott.

Hooray!
A Jay Reasoner, attorney-at-law,
Cambridge, Ohio, has been added to
the club's array of legal talent.

Luke McLuke Says.
Every time we hear a big-mouthed
guy telling all about the campaign the
Rooshians are making at Sounduck
Pass, we have to agree with Sherman
that Warsaw.

When a man does get the praying
habit, he expects the Lord to see to it
that he gets a raise in salary and that
he wins his bets and that it won't rain
when he hasn't any umbrella.

A sixteen-year-old girl expects cos-
metics to make a complexion for her.
But a sixty-year-old girl merely ex-
pects them to cover it.

What has become of the old-fash-
ioned town devil and cut-up who used
to give the girls baby-blue garters
with satin bows and gilt buckles?

You can't make the office boy be-
lieve that he isn't doing all the work.
And you can't make the second violin-
ist believe that he isn't making all the
music.

Every mother keeps the first pair of
shoes her baby wore because she
realizes that some day the people who

The REPUBLICAN VIEW Edited By The Republican State Committee

MUST HAVE THE CAKE BEFORE DIVIDING IT.
FORMER SENATOR BURTON, of Ohio, who recently made several speeches in Oklahoma in the interest of the republican cause, is accused by the democratic press of "prostituting his fine intellect to sordid partisanship." The reason for this is that Senator Burton advocated tariff protection as the bulwark of national prosperity. "Free trade means two men seeking one job. Protection means two jobs seeking one man," was the summary of Senator Burton's argument.

In contradiction of this, it is claimed by the Free Traders that there were strikes and panics under republican regimes when a high tariff was in force. This is apparently considered conclusive evidence that a tariff does not protect the working man, or business.

The "panic" of 1907 is given as example. It has always been conceded that the financial flurry of 1907 was due not to lack of prosperity, but to over-expansion of credits—a frequent phenomenon of highly prosperous times.

But the fact that there were strikes even under a protective tariff regime proves nothing more than that there was dissatisfaction with the distribution of wealth, not that there was a lack of it. Rather the opposite. In times of business depression, as in Grover Cleveland times, work at any kind of wage is what men want. When men strike it is rather a sign that they not only want more but know they CAN get it.

The great argument for protection is that the protective tariff produces national wealth. Dissatisfaction with its distribution which causes strikes, has nothing to do with the tariff. It is clear that first there must be wealth produced before it can be divided. WE MUST HAVE THE CAKE BEFORE WE CAN DIVIDE IT. This GETTING of the cake is what PROTECTION WILL DO.

American history has never yet recorded prosperity under free trade or low tariffs, excepting when we sold over \$3,000,000,000 war supplies in one year, as in this last year. American history does record prosperity under protective tariff regimes.

Possibly if all countries agreed to annul all tariffs and equalize wage schedules, free trade might not prove disastrous. England's inability to keep step with Germany's trade and industrial expansion before the war shows the inferiority of the free trade system when in competition with the protective system. But the hope that all countries agree to free trade is about as illusory as that of universal disarmament. A war, at any rate, it is not the existing condition.

WE MUST HAVE the cake before we can eat it. Trying to prove protective tariffs a failure because there have been strikes under a protective tariff regime might be classified as the kind of argument Senator Burton is unjustly accused of—intellectual insincerity in the interest of sordid partisanship.

SIDELIGHTS ON WAR MOVES

EVIDENCE is accumulating to prove that the allies are developing their main effort from Saloniki on the extreme left flank, where the Serbian army, aided by Russians and French, already has cleared the Bulgarians out of Macedonia and are fighting on Serbian ground.

While a major effort in this region offers the poorest lines of supply from Saloniki, in Serbia it opens into the best fighting ground of the three possible routes of conquest. The fact that the location is farthest distant from Bulgaria makes it equally hard for Bulgaria to move troops and supplies easily.

The capture of the Kiamakalan mountain and the surrounding hills on the plateau put the Serbians in a dominating position before Monastir. The allies are less than ten miles from Monastir and every road they advance puts them into better country. This line of attack will take the allies up the valley of the Cerna river and following Monastir, the objective will be Prilep.

Around the border of Prespa lake, twenty miles due west of Monastir, the allies have made advances which tend to outflank the Monastir position. Athens reported Tuesday that the Bulgarians had transferred two divisions from the Dobrudja in an effort to stop the Serbians on their far removed flank. Such a move is the best indication that the Saloniki operation is assuming formidable proportions.

Bulgaria soon is likely to find herself without the men necessary to pitch back and forth across several hundred miles of territory to meet each new threat as it appears. Especially is this true in the light of the Rumanian crossing of the Danube. Berlin's statement that the Rumanian force that crossed behind Mackensen's men in the Dobrudja had been forced to withdraw before an encircling movement does not square with the German statement that the Rumanian had been destroyed. Nor does it agree with the Rumanian modest announcement that the force is advancing.

Many are becoming impatient because big things do not pop in front of Saloniki. The waiting game played by Sarraïl there surely is a mysterious one, but the straw indicate that the monotony will be broken soon.

A point that should not be discounted in referring to the possibility of the main advance from Monastir is the fact that this corner of Serbia is closest to Avlona, where the Italians have been building up a big army for the last year. Many look for a huge effort from Avlona.—W. M. H.

have charge of the hall of fame will send for them.

When a man can't make a fool of himself he can always get some woman to do it for him.

A fellow can spend twenty-five years trying to make a man out of himself. And then a doll face and a pair of shapely legs will come along and make a monkey out of him in twenty-five seconds.

The slender princess of 16 whose mother weighs 240 pounds had better be proud of her willowy figure right now. She doesn't know what is ahead of her.

A man doesn't surprise his bachelor friends as much by getting married as he does by staying married.

Some men who talk too much give you the impression that everything that happened to them happened to them a dozen times.

Cheer up! Maybe if you did draw a royal flush the other players would be looking out of the window and you wouldn't get a play on it.

A thin man has more luck than a fat man. You never heard a doctor telling a fat man that a little beer would be good for him.

HISTORY BITS

One Hundred Years Ago Today.
1816—The opposition of workingmen to the introduction of labor saving devices found expression in riotous meetings in England's industrial cities.

Seventy-five Years Ago Today.
1841—Santa Ana appeared before the Mexican capital with a large army, and a few days later displaced President Bustamante and established himself at the head of the government.

Fifty Years Ago Today.
1866—The Serbians demanded the withdrawal of Turkish garrisons from Belgrade and other fortresses.

Twenty-five Years Ago Today.
1891—The militia was held under arms at Kingston, N. Y., to protect the alleged wreckers of the Ulster County Savings bank from the enraged people.

One Year Ago Today in the War.
Oct. 5, 1915—Allies landed troops at Saloniki ready to join Serbians; Bulgaria ignored the Russian ultimatum.

OLD STORIES IN NEW TYPE

From The TIMES FILES

Twenty Years Ago.

The appointment of Ed. Dunn as district clerk was made public today. Mr. Dunn will arrive from Bethany, Mo., in a few days.

Claude Richardson returned from Red Oak, I. T., today.

Politics is becoming warmer. Today E. A. Jacobs and W. A. Wallace became involved in a fist-fight over the purchasing power of a Mexican dollar.

Charley Frost departed today presumably to take in the Kansas City carnival, but rumor says that a Mrs. Frost will return with him.

Fifteen Years Ago.

A pleasant surprise party for Miss Floye Congers was given at the home of her parents in Southtown last evening. Among those who graced this occasion were Misses Myrtle Hill, Clara Crotherton, Mary Stewart, Ollie Ashby, Georgia and Alice Early, Pearl Hammer, Lulu Holcroft and Messrs. Adolph Ambrose, Grover Skeggs, Millard and Elzie Winner, Roy Loughmiller, Amos and Jim Hrahe and Cecil Clark.

Mr. J. C. White left at the Times office today some peaches of the Salway variety that measure eleven inches in circumference.

Bill Cross went to Purcell last night.

Charles Filson of Guthrie is in the city today.

Ten Years Ago.

An incendiary fire destroyed four large warehouses in the wholesale district yesterday, the loss \$35,000.

T. D. Turner left today for St. Louis.

The Lotus club will hold a business meeting at the residence of T. M. Upshaw this evening.

Miss Landis who has on several occasions been the guest of Mrs. George Solberg and was very popular in society here is spending the winter in Washington, D. C.

Miss Kate Hamilton of Shawnee is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. G. Street.

RIPPLING RHYMES By Walt Mason Copyright 1916

OLD ENGLISH.

WHEN Chaucer lived there were

some other bards, with inspiration loaded to the guards. And there were highbrows in that distant age, who looked with scorn upon great Geoffrey's page, and said, "Gadzooks, he writeth middling fair, for one whose soul is of afflams bare, as crossroads unction he may cut some grass, but who'll recall him when ten years shall pass?" If you'd read verse of great, majestic power, you must peruse the gorgeous works of Gower! Now, it is true that in G. Chaucer's time, the critics joshed him for his paltry rhyme, and held that Langland, of "Piers Plowman" dope, had moderns skinned beyond all hint of hope. How vain the judgment of the critics, clan! They heap their laurels on some ten-cent man, and say his harp will never be unstrung, while there are men to read his native tongue. Their petted poet crosses the divide, and is forgotten ere he's fairly died, while some unknown, who smarted 'neath their jeers, lives in mean's hearts through all the rolling years.

Mr. Brown was on the street car one day when there was an accident. The conductor took the names of the witnesses. Mrs. Brown, to avoid being summoned to court, gave a 'fictitious name and address.

The next morning her colored cook ventured to remark that "that man 'a' been hurt mighty bad yesterday."

"Oh, were you on the car, Clementina?" asked her mistress. "I didn't see you."

"Yaas'n, I was settin' right behind you."

"Well, I hope they didn't get your name, for I couldn't spare you to go to court."

"Oh, no'm! I didn't give 'em my right name. They'll never find me."

"What did you tell them?" asked her mistress.

"Well'm, heard you say 'Mrs. Hawkins,' so seem' as I'm in the fambley, I sez 'Miss Hawkins.'"

MUTT AND JEFF—Mutt Must Have Picked Out a Too Popular Novel

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BY BUD FISHER

